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The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER IX.

I took care not to reach home before the hour when Julia usually went to bed. It was quite vain to think of sleep that night. I had soon worked myself up into that state of nervous, restless agitation when one cannot remain quietly in a room. About one o'clock I opened my door as softly as possible and stole silently downstairs.

Madam was my favorite mare, first-rate at a gallop when she was in good temper, but apt to turn vicious now and then. She was in good temper to-night, and pricked up her ears and whinnied when I unlocked the stable door. In a few minutes we were going up the Grange road at a moderate pace till we reached the open country.

It was a cool, quiet night in May. A few of the larger fixed stars twinkled palely in the sky, but the smaller ones were drowned in the full moonlight. I turned off the road to get nearer the sea, and rode along sandy lanes, with banks of turf instead of hedge rows, which were covered thickly with pale primroses, shining with the same hue as the moon above them.

Now and then I came in full sight of the sea, glittering in the silvery light. I crossed the head of a gorge, and stopped for a while to gaze down it, till my flesh crept. It was not more than a few yards in breadth, but it was of unknown depth, and the rocks stood above it with a thick, heavy blackness. The tide was rushing into its narrow channel with a thunder which throbbed like a pulse; yet in the intervals of its pulsation I could catch the thin, prattling tinkle of a brook running merrily down the gorge to plunge headlong into the sea.

As the sun rose, Sark looked very near, and the sea, a plain of silvery blue, seemed solid and firm enough to afford me a road across to it. A white mist lay like a huge snowdrift in hazy, broad curves over the Havre Gosselin, with sharp peaks of cliffs piercing through. Olivia was sleeping yonder behind that veil of shining mist; and dear as Guernsey was to me, she was a hundred-fold dearer.

But my night's ride had not made my day's task any easier for me. No new light had dawned upon my difficulty. There was no loophole for me to escape from the most painful and perplexing strait I had ever been in. How was I to break it to Julia? and when? It was quite plain to me that the sooner it was over the better it would be for myself, and perhaps the better for her. How was I to go through my morning's calls?

I resolved to have it over as soon as breakfast was finished. Yet when breakfast came I was listening intently for some summons which would give me an hour's grace from fulfilling my own determination. I prolonged my meal, keeping my mother in her place at the table; for she had never given up her office of pouring out my tea and coffee.

I finished at last, and still no urgent message had come for me. My mother left us together alone, as her custom was, for what time I had to spare—a variable quantity always with me.

Now was the dreaded moment. But how was I to begin? Julia was so calm and unsuspecting. In what words could I convey my fatal meaning most gently to her? My head throbbed, and I could not raise my eyes to her face. Yet it must be done.

"Dear Julia," I said, in as firm a voice as I could command.

"Yes, Martin."

But just then Grace, the housemaid, knocked emphatically at the door, and after a due pause entered with a smiling, significant face, yet with an apologetic courtesy.

"If you please, Dr. Martin," she said, "I'm very sorry, but Mrs. Lihou's baby is taken with convulsion fits; and they want you to go as fast as ever you can, please, sir."

Was I sorry or glad? I could not tell. It was a reprieve; but then I knew positively it was nothing more than a reprieve. The sentence must be executed. Julia came to me, bent her cheek towards me, and I kissed it. That was our usual salutation when our morning's interview was ended.

"I am going down to the new house," she said. "I lost a good deal of time yesterday, and I must make up for it to-day. Shall you be passing by at any time, Martin?"

"Yes—no—I cannot tell exactly," I stammered.

"If you are passing, come in for a few minutes," she answered; "I have a thousand things to speak to you about."

I was not overworked that morning. The convulsions of Mrs. Lihou's baby were not at all serious. So I had plenty of time to call upon Julia at the new house; but I could not summon sufficient courage. The morning slipped away whilst I was loitering about Fort George, and chatting carelessly with the officers quartered there.

I went down reluctantly at length to the new house; but it was at almost the last hour. Doggedly, but sick at heart with myself and all the world, I went down to meet my doom.

Julia was sitting alone in the drawing room, which overlooked the harbor and the group of islands across the channel. There was no fear of interruption. It was an understood thing that at present only Julia's most intimate friends had been admitted into our new house, and then by special invitation alone.

There was a very happy, very placid expression on her face. Every harsh line seemed softened, and a pleased smile played about her lips. Her dress was one of those simple, fresh, clean muslin gowns, with knots of ribbon about it, which make a plain woman almost pretty, and a pretty woman bewitching.

"I am very glad you are come, my dear Martin," she said softly.

I dared not dally another moment. I must take my plunge at once into the icy-cold waters.

"I have something of importance to say to you, dear cousin," I began.

I sat down on the broad window sill, instead of on the chair close to hers. She looked up at that, and fixed her eyes upon me keenly. I had often quailed before Julia's gaze as a boy, but never as I did now.

"Well! what is it?" she asked curtly. The incisiveness of her tone brought life into me, as a probe sometimes brings a patient out of stupor.

"Julia," I said, "are you quite sure you love me enough to be happy with me as my wife?"

"I know you well enough to be as happy as the day is long with you," she replied, the color rushing to her face.

"You do not often look as if you loved me," I said at last.

"That is only my way," she answered. "I can't be soft and purring like many women. I don't care to be always kissing and hanging about anybody. But if you are afraid I don't love you enough—well! I will ask you what you think in ten years' time."

"What would you say if I told you I had once loved a girl better than I do you?" I asked.

"That's not true," she said sharply. "I've known you all your life, and you could not hide such a thing from your mother and me. You are only laughing at me, Martin."

"Heaven knows I'm not laughing," I answered solemnly; "it's no laughing matter. Julia, there is a girl I love better than you, even now."

The color and the smile faded out of her face, leaving it ashy pale. Her lips parted once or twice, but her voice failed her. Then she broke out into a short hysterical laugh.

"You are talking nonsense, dear Martin," she gasped; "you ought not! I am not very strong. Tell me it is a joke."

"I cannot," I replied, painfully and sorrowfully; "it is the truth, though I would almost rather face death than own it. I love you dearly, Julia; but I love another woman better."

There was dead silence in the room after those words. I could not hear Julia breathe or move, and I could not look at her. My eyes were turned towards the window and the islands across the sea, purple and hazy in the distance.

"Leave me!" she said, after a very long stillness; "go away, Martin."

"I cannot leave you alone," I exclaimed; "no, I will not, Julia. Let me tell you more; let me explain it all. You ought to know everything now."

"Go away!" she repeated, in a mechanical way.

I hesitated still, seeing her white and trembling, with her eyes glassy and fixed. But she motioned me from her towards the door, and her pale lips parted again to reiterate her command.

How I crossed that room I do not know; but the moment after I had closed the door I heard the key turn in the lock. I dared not quit the house and leave her alone in such a state; and I longed ardently to hear the clocks chime five, and the sound of Johanna's coach wheels on the roughly paved street.

That was one of the longest half hours in my life. I stood at the street door watching and waiting, and nodding to people who passed by, and who simpered at me in the most inane fashion.

The fools! I called them to myself. At length Johanna turned the corner, and her pony carriage came rattling cheerfully over the large round stones. I ran to meet her.

"For heaven's sake go to Julia!" I cried. "I have told her."

"And what does she say?" asked Johanna.

"Not a word, not a syllable," I replied, "except to bid me go away. She has locked herself into the drawing room."

"Then you had better go away altogether," she said, "and leave me to deal with her. Don't come in, and then I can say you are not here."

A friend of mine lived in the opposite house, and though I knew he was not at home, I knocked at his door and asked permission to rest for a while.

The windows looked into the street, and there I sat watching the door of our new house, for Johanna and Julia to come out. At length Julia appeared, her face completely hidden behind a veil. Johanna helped her into the low carriage, as if she had been an invalid. Then they drove off, and were soon out of my sight.

By this time our dinner hour was near, and I knew my mother would be looking out for us both. I was thankful to find at the table a visitor, one of my father's patients, a widow, with a high color, a loud voice and boisterous spirits, who kept up a rattle of conversation with Dr. Dobree. My mother glanced anxiously at me, but she could say little.

"Where is Julia?" she had inquired, as we sat down to dinner without her.

"Julia?" I said absently; "oh! she is gone to the Vale, with Johanna Carey."

"Will she come back to-night?" asked my mother.

"Not to-night," I said aloud; but to myself I added, "nor for many nights to come; never, most probably, whilst I am under this roof. We have been building our house upon the sand, and the floods have come, and the winds have blown, and the house has fallen; but my mother knows nothing of the catastrophe yet."

She read trouble in my face, as clearly as one sees a thunder cloud in the sky, and she could not rest till she had fathomed it. I went up into my own room, where I should be alone to think over things. I heard her tapping lightly at the door. She was not in the habit of leaving her guests, and I was surprised and perplexed at seeing her.

"Your father and Mrs. Murray are having a game of chess," she said. "We can be alone together half an hour. And now tell me what is the matter? There is something going wrong with you."

She sank down wearedly into a chair, and I knelt down beside her. It was almost harder to tell her than to tell Julia; but it was worse than useless to put off the evil moment.

"Mother, I am not going to marry my cousin, for I love somebody else, and I told Julia so this afternoon. It is broken off for good now."

She gave me no answer, and I looked up into her dear face in alarm. It had grown rigid, and a peculiar blue tinge of pallor was spreading over it. Her head had fallen back against the chair. It was several minutes before she breathed freely and naturally. Then she did not look at me, but lifted up her eyes to the pale evening sky, and her lips quivered with agitation.

"Martin, it will be the death of me," she said; and a few tears stole down her cheeks, which I wiped away.

"It shall not be the death of you," I exclaimed. "If Julia is willing to marry me, knowing the whole truth, I am ready to marry her for your sake, mother. I would do anything for your sake. But Johanna said she ought to be told, and I think it was right myself."

"Who is it, who can it be that you love?"

"Mother," I said, "I wish I had told you before, but I did not know that I loved the girl as I do till I saw her yesterday in Sark."

"That girl!" she cried. "One of the Olliviers! Oh, Martin, you must marry in your own class."

"That was a mistake," I answered. "Her Christian name is Olivia; I do not know what her surname is."

"Not know even her name!" she exclaimed.

"Listen, mother," I said; and then I told her all I knew about Olivia.

"Oh, Martin, Martin!" wailed my poor mother, breaking down again suddenly. "I did so long to see you in a home of your own! And Julia was so generous, never looking as if all the money was hers, and you without a penny! What is to become of you now, my boy? I wish I had been dead and in my grave before this had happened!"

"Hush, mother!" I said, kneeling down again beside her and kissing her tenderly; "it is still in Julia's hands. If she will marry me, I shall marry her."

"But then you will not be happy?" she said, with fresh sobs.

It was impossible for me to contradict that. I felt that no misery would be equal to that of losing Olivia. But I did my best to comfort my mother, by promising to see Julia the next day and renew my engagement, if possible.

"Pray, may I be informed as to what is the matter now?" broke in a satirical, cutting voice—the voice of my father. It roused us both—my mother to her usual mood of gentle submission, and me to the chronic state of irritation which his presence always provoked in me.

"Not much, sir," I answered coldly; "only my marriage with my cousin Julia is broken off."

"Broken off!" he ejaculated, "broken off!"

CHAPTER X.

My father stood motionless for a moment. Then slowly he sank into a chair.

"I am a ruined and disgraced man," he said, without looking up; "if you have broken off your marriage with Julia, I shall never raise my head again."

"But why?" I asked uneasily.

"Come down into my consulting room," he said. I went on before him, carrying the lamp, and turning round once or twice saw his face look grey, and the expression of it vacant and troubled. His consulting room was a luxurious room, elegantly furnished. He sank down into an easy chair, shivering as if we were in the depth of winter.

"Martin, I am a ruined man!" he said, for the second time.

"But how?" I asked again, impatiently.

"I dare not tell you," he cried, leaning his head upon his desk and sobbing. How white his hair was! and how aged he looked! My heart softened and warmed to him as it had not done for years.

"Father!" I said, "if you can trust any one, you can trust me. If you are ruined and disgraced I shall be the same, as your son."

"That's true," he answered, "that's true! It will bring disgrace on you and your mother. We shall be forced to leave Guernsey, where she has lived all her life; and it will be the death of her. Martin, you must save us all by making it up with Julia."

"But why?" I demanded, once more. "I must know what you mean."

"Mean?" he said, turning upon me angrily, "you blockhead! I mean that unless you marry Julia I shall have to give an account of her property; and I could not make all square, not if I sold every stick and stone I possess."

I sat silent for a time, trying to take in this piece of information. He had been Julia's guardian ever since she was left an orphan, ten years old; but I had never known that there had not been a formal and legal settlement of her affairs when she was of age. Our family name had no blot upon it; it was one of the most honored names in the island. But if this came to light, then the disgrace would be dark indeed.

"Can you tell me all about it?" I asked.

"It would take a long time," he said, "and it would be a deuce of a nuisance. You make it up with Julia, and marry her, as you're bound to do. Of course you will manage all her money when you are her husband, as you will be. Now you know all."

"But I don't know all," I replied; "and I insist upon doing so before I make up my mind what to do."

For two hours I was busy with his accounts. Once or twice he tried to slink out of the room; but that I would not suffer. At length the ornamental clock on his chimney piece struck eleven, and he made another effort to beat a retreat.

"Do not go away till everything is clear," I said; "is this all?"

"All?" he repeated; "isn't it enough?"

"Between three and four thousand pounds deficient!" I answered; "it is quite enough."

"Enough to make me a felon," he said, "if Julia chooses to prosecute me."

"I think it is highly probable," I replied; "though I know nothing of the law."

"Then you see clearly, Martin, there is no alternative but for you to marry her, and keep our secret. I have reckoned upon this for years, and your mother and I have been of one mind in bringing it about. If you marry Julia, her affairs go direct from my hands to yours, and we are all safe. If you break with her she will leave us, and demand an account of my guardianship; and your name and mine will be branded in our own island."

"That is very clear," I said sullenly.

"Your mother would not survive it!" he continued, with a solemn accent.

"Oh! I have been threatened with that already," I exclaimed, very bitterly. "Pray does my mother know of this disgraceful business?"

"Heaven forbid!" he cried. "Your mother is a good woman, Martin; as simple as a dove. You ought to think of her before you consign us all to shame. Poor Mary! My poor, poor love! I believe she cares enough for me still to break her heart over it."

"Then I am to be your scapegoat," I said.

"You are my son," he answered; "and religion itself teaches us that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children. I leave the matter in your hands. But only answer one question: Could you show your face amongst your own friends if this were known?"

I knew very well I could not. My father a fraudulent steward of Julia's property! Then farewell for ever to all that had made my life happy. I saw there was no escape from it—I must marry Julia.

"Well," I said at last, "as you say, the matter is in my hands now; and I must make the best of it. Good night, sir."

(To be continued.)

Only Requires Nerve.

The Forest and Stream says that nearly every one has a fear of wild animals, and yet no wild animal will fight unless wounded or cut off from all apparent avenues of escape. All animals will try and escape if given a chance. This fear is kept up by all sorts of bear, wolf and snake stories, most of which are magnified to make heroes of hunters. There is more danger from natural causes in a visit to wild animal haunts than from the animals. There is more danger of slipping off a precipice or falling into a river than from being hurt by a bear or a wolf. Many more people have been killed by lightning than have been run over by stampeding buffalo herds, or killed by wounded grizzly bears, or by all the other animals of the prairie put together. One might almost say that more people have been struck by falling meteorites than have been killed by panthers or wolves. And yet from day to day the newspapers continue to print bear stories, catamount stories, and wolf stories, and probably they will do so until long after the last bear, catamount and wolf shall have disappeared from the land.

Why He Got Well.

The Man with a Clear Conscience bought a pair of tan shoes with the advent of spring, and, while going home in the street car, conjured up a mental photograph of himself strolling along the sandy beach of a summer resort with his pedal extremities encased in his new purchase. That night he was taken ill. For four days he contemplated his new shoes with his head on a downy pillow. When he recovered the Man said:

"There was only one thing that worried me while I was sick. I couldn't get those tan shoes out of my head. What if I should die without having had a chance to wear 'em! Such a contingency seemed to furnish an additional and potent reason why I should get well. I just made up my mind I was going to live long enough to get my feet into those shoes and—well, I did."—New York Mail and Express.

Meissonier and the Rich Man.

One of the good stories about the famous painter, Meissonier, is in regard to his experience with a "new rich" gentleman who had erected a private theater at his chateau. Meissonier was just then at the height of his fame, and when spending months painting pictures and selling them for about two hundred dollars a square inch. The rich man conceived the brilliant idea that what his theater most needed was a drop curtain painted by the famous Meissonier. So he went to the artist's studio and proposed the matter to him. "How large is the curtain to be?" asked the great painter. "It will be thirty feet high and thirty-five feet wide," was the reply. "My friend," said Meissonier, blandly, "it will take me twenty years to paint such a curtain, and it will cost you six million dollars." This bargain was not completed.

Washington Irving's Love Story.

Washington Irving always remained single because Matilda Hoffman, the beautiful girl to whom he was engaged, died of consumption in her seventeenth year. He says: "I was by her when she died, and was the last she ever looked upon." He took her Bible and prayerbook away with him, sleeping with them under his pillow, and in all his subsequent travels they were his inseparable companions. Not until thirty years after her death did any one venture to speak of her to him. He was visiting her father, and one of her nieces, taking some music from a drawer, brought with it a piece of embroidery. "Washington," said Mr. Hoffman, "this was from Matilda's work." The effect was electric. He had been talking gaily the moment before, but became silent and soon left the house.

Ferment.

A little school girl told her teacher to write the word "ferment" on her slate, together with the definition and a sentence in which the word was used. The following is the result: "F-e-r-m-e-n-t; a verb signifying to work. I love to do all kinds of fancy ferment."—London King.

His Loves.

Carrie—The last time Fred called he was very tender. He assured me I was his first love.

Bess—That's something, to be sure; but last evening he told me I was his latest love.—Boston Transcript.

The Spirit's Calmer Retreat.

"Jones, next door, is getting old."

"What do you go by?"

"He's quit talking baseball and gone to talking garden."—Detroit Free Press.

It Wasn't Wasted.

Cook—The Irish stew was burned.

Proprietor—Well, put some spice in it, and add "a la Francaise" to its name on the menu.—London Tit-Bits.

After a young man has gone half a dozen places with a young woman he has told her everything he knows that is interesting.

Children's Corner

Rag-Bag Friends.

"Dear me, what a dusty place this is!" exclaimed a dainty French rag to her neighbors, who were huddled together in a pile on the floor.

"It is worse than any place I was ever in," answered a Russian rag, as he glanced about the room.

"You astonish me with your good English," cried the American rag; "but then the language of my country is taught all over the world."

"Well, wait," said the Russian. "I heard some people talking the other day, and they said that fifty years hence the Russian language would prevail. I pity you American scholars, with such a language as ours!"

Just then a sharp knife interrupted their conversation. They were cut into strips and thrown into the duster, and my! what a beating they were given. Afterward they were boiled in lime water, then washed and ground into tiny pieces, and finally bleached white. After going through all this, you wouldn't have known the French from the Russian cloth or the Russian from the American. But the rag pile friends recognized each other through it all, and while they were draining for a week they had a fine time.

"I never traveled abroad," said the American rag. "Tell me, is it very beautiful in France?"

"It's the grandest place in the world," sighed the French rag.

"The scenery can't compare with that of Russia," said the loyal citizen, with a longing tone in his voice.

It looked very much as though a quarrel would soon follow, but, fortunately, they were again separated. The poor little pieces of cloth were put into another beating engine, and there colored; then they were placed in a cistern and kept continually in motion. Once the French and Russian passed each other.

"I don't see why my kind mistress ever sent me here," said the Russian.

"Never mind; here in the United States we shall be made into the finest paper in the world, and perhaps we shall be sent to carry a message of glad tidings," said his French acquaintance, consolingly.

There was not time even to bid each other good-by before they were put into a box, where they were melted into a liquid state. Then they were poured in a waterfall over cloth and the name of the firm was stamped upon them.

The sad little American rag was heard to say:

"I believe life is a great big wheel. At any rate I've spent most of my time in a machine. Once I was worn by a fine lady. It's all——"

The rest of his thoughts were kept to himself. He and his companions were dried through wet felt and dry felt. They were all too tired to talk, and even while going through press rollers and heated cylinders, they dozed off to sleep.

Upon awaking the Russian looked at the Englishman, and both exclaimed:

"Blotting paper!"

Yes, that is exactly what they looked like. They were soon dipped into gelatine, and this gave them a glossy finish. Then they were allowed to rest from their labors for a time, before having the wrinkles smoothed away. At last they were cut, assorted, and put into boxes and sent to various cities in the United States and Europe; but before they parted, they agreed that it takes all kinds of rags to make paper, just as it takes all kinds of people to make a world.—Waverley.

Where the Glory Lies.

There is no glory in fighting. The glory is in choosing a right course and then following that course in spite of war. The greatest soldiers have hated war. Never fight unless you must, boys! The lad in this incident shows rather amusingly the true spirit.

Willy is a Boston schoolboy who has been told by his mother again and again not to quarrel or fight. "Leave the company of boys that quarrel. Give up rather than fight," is her advice.

But one day Willy came home in a sorry plight. His clothes were torn, he was covered with mud, his face was scretched, and he was lame in one of his feet.

"Why, what is the matter, Willy? Have you been fighting?"

"Mother, I had to. I had to thrash a boy!"

"Had to? What do you mean?"

"Why, you see one of those fellows was pitching into little Joe Nichols, and when I asked him not to, he turned on me. I ran, and then he began to pound little Joe again. Mother, I had to thrash the boy to make him let Joe alone."

His mother mended his clothes and omitted to scold him for fighting in such a cause.—Young People's Weekly.

Poor Dick's Fate.

THIS IS HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

Do you know any little boy that smokes cigarettes? If you do, just show him this picture. It is the sad story of little Dick Sillypate. He saw another boy smoking a cigarette, and thought it looked so manly that he would try it himself. The picture shows what happened to him at the end of five months.

Promoted.

Last night I was a little boy;
You'd scarcely know me from Bess;
The silly looking kilts I wore
Were so much like her dress.
But won't I s'prise them all to-day—
My uncles and my aunts?
For I am four years old, and I
Have pockets in my pants!

I don't want any han'kerchief;
I need my pockets all
To keep my chalk and marbles in,
My cookies, and my ball;
I need them for my specimens—
My bugs, and worms, and ants.
Hurrah! I'm most a man to-day,
With pockets in my pants.
—Normal Instructor.

Looking for the Other Face.

A lady was calling on small Bobby's mother, and, noticing the little fellow walk around her chair several times observing her closely, she asked what he found in her that was so attractive.

"Nothing much," replied Bobby, "only mamma said the other day that you were two-faced, and I was just looking for the other one."

A Poser for Mamma.

"Look, Nettie, here are two kinds of preserves," said a mother to her small daughter, "yet they are so much alike you can scarcely tell the difference."

After loking at them critically for a moment the little one asked: "Well, mamma, which kind is different?"

Use of a House.

Teacher—What is that you have drawn on your slate, Willie?

Small Willie—It's a picture of a house.

Teacher—What is a house used for?

Small Willie—For a married man to keep his wife in.

Doing Them Up in Advance.

"Why, Johnny," said a mother to her 4-year-old hopeful one Sunday evening, "you have said your prayer over seven times. What did you do that for?"

"So I won't have to bother about it any more this week," replied Johnny.

Ethel Was Resigned.

"How old are you, Ethel?" asked a visitor of a little girl.

"I'm only 3," replied Ethel, with a deep sigh. "I should like to be 4, but I suppose somebody has to be 3."

Charlie Had Been.

Uncle Bob—Hello, Charlie! Where are you going in such a hurry?

Charlie (aged 5)—I ain't goin' anywhere. I've been where I'm going.

Familiar with Porters.

A Kentuckian and a Georgian on the way to New York in a Pullman car detected an early coolness on the part of the porter. It worried the Georgian a good deal. "If I just had that brown scoundrel in my State I'd kick him off the train," he said. "He isn't polite. He does not know his place or his business or the business of the corporation that allows him to live." The Kentuckian replied: "Don't worry. It may be that you haven't traveled with porters as long as I have. What you have said about that nigger is absolutely true, but just before we get to Jersey City he will relax, he will relax." After passing Newark Mr. Portah pranced up, all smiles, whisk in hand, to do the final act and collect his quarter. He was permitted to dust off the two travelers, hold their top coats and hand down their hats, and as he lingered with an air of confident expectancy the Kentuckian remarked: "See here, my friend, if you had relaxed sooner you'd have made 50 cents out of us two, but you relaxed too late. Go on and tend to your business. Other passengers are waiting for you."—New York Press.

For Pop-Overs.

The value of a recipe lies partly in its being accurately set down and followed. Harper's Magazine has the following directions for making a breakfast delicacy called pop-overs, as they were imparted by the Chinese servant to a lady visiting in the family:

"You takee him one egg," said the master of the kitchen, "one lit' cup milk. You fixee him one cup flou' on sieve, take pinch salt—you not put him in lump. You move him egg lit' bit slow; you put him milk in, all time move. You makee him flou' go in, not move fast, so have no spots. Makee but'led pan all same wa'm, not too hot. Putlee him in oven. Now you mind you business. No like woman run look at him all time. Him done all same time biscuit."

An English Joke.

She—I can't make out how it is that Mrs. Wise has fish for nearly every meal. It can't be for economy's sake, for she must be fairly well off.

He—She has a large family of unmarried daughters, you know.

She—Now, don't say something about girls and their brains; that's so old.

He—Oh, no. I hadn't the slightest intention of doing so.

She—Well. Can't you tell me?

He—I don't know, I'm sure, unless it's because fish are rich in phosphorous.

She—I don't see what that has to do with it.

He—Perhaps not, but still it's good for making matches.

A Wonderful Bridge.

he most wonderful bridge in the world is one of solid agate in Arizona It is a petrified tree, from 3 feet to 4 feet in diameter, spanning a chasm 40 feet wide. More than 100 feet of its length is in sight, both ends being embedded in the sandstone of the canyon.

A chronic dyspeptic says classical music is the kind you never heard before and never want to hear again.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

Many a serious railroad accident is caused by the washing down on the roadbed of masses of earth or rocks from the hillsides above. While the railroad companies realize that the cuts are liable to become filled from this cause it is hardly to be expected that they will keep patrols at every dangerous point. An apparatus has been lately patented by John K. Haddinott of Baltimore, Md., and the claim is made that it will constantly guard the cut or other section of track which it parallels. It is simply a pair of contact rails so placed that a fall of rock or earth across the roadbed will crush the shell which incloses them and throw the rails together to complete a circuit and set the danger signal.

As a hitching post is not always convenient and it is somewhat of a bother to carry around a heavy weight in the wagon with which to tether the horse when the driver wishes to leave the animal for a time, it is likely that the horseman will appreciate the hitching fetter. The invention takes advantage of the fact that a horse will not move as long as it cannot bend its legs, the fetter being stiff enough to prevent this. The inventors are William Rommel and Thomas R. Owen of Los Angeles, Cal. They state that it is adapted to afford cavalrymen a perfect means of preventing the horses from escaping without human aid, the claim being made that when an animal is tethered with one of these devices he becomes tame even in the presence of danger. Another novelty of the tether is that with the aid of the small padlock attached the animal can be locked up, so that he cannot be stolen without unlocking or destroying the fetter.

A brush is designed to lay the dust while sweeping instead of raising it, so as not to damage the stock in a store, the furniture in a room, or settle on the floor again. This result is accomplished by the use of kerosene oil to prevent the dust rising. The brush is made of good bristles, inserted in the center of which is one row of a special fiber which readily absorbs and holds kerosene oil. The oil supply is carried in a metal reservoir in the top of the brush, which is so arranged as to keep the fiber constantly moist when the brush is in use, the feed being regulated by opening or closing the cap through which the reservoir is filled. The wood surrounding the reservoir is chemically treated to prevent it absorbing any of the oil. The dust is collected by means of the oil in small pellets, which can easily be taken up by a dust pan in the usual manner. The brush, the manufacturers state, can be used on any kind of floor or carpet, as it improves and hardens floors and cleans and brightens carpets. The kerosene is referred to as destroying the disease-breeding germs carried by dust, and as killing moths, fleas or other insects on the floor or carpet.

Seton-Thompson's New Home.

A more fitting environment for such a man could not be found than the new home which Mr. and Mrs. Seton-Thompson—or Mr. and Mrs. Seton as they prefer to be known, having dropped "Thompson" from their surname—have selected in Connecticut. A hundred acres of woodland, which they have named Wyndygoul, for one of the Seton estates in Scotland, offers the naturalist-artist-author-lecturer an ideal opportunity for investigating and studying his animal friends, and a quiet retreat for writing and illustrating. It is difficult to realize that so wild a bit of forest is within an hour of New York. The private road that leads from the gates to the house winds a quarter of a mile between green walls of trees, flanked by mossy boulders, and rising above ravines that tumble off at reckless angles.

The house stands on the highest point of the tract. It is Spanish in effect, the lower story of rough-hewn, green-tipped rocks, quarried on the place; the upper story of creamy pink stucco. The low, rod roof, wide verandas, low entrance door and quaint arrangement of windows are interesting and picturesque. The Englishman's love of solidity is shown in the thick walls, massive cornices of natural wood, and in the heavy beams of the studio ceiling.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Joachim, an Early Genius.

Dr. Joachim, the great violinist, who has been honored by English musicians, has been playing in public since 1843, when, after studying under Joseph Bohn at Leipzig, he appeared at a concert and created a furore. He was then only 12 years of age. For seven years he remained in an orchestra, studying hard meanwhile, and then he went to Paris and obtained the appointment of director of concerts at Weimar. In 1853 he was master of the Chapel Royal at Hanover, and soon afterward began his famous tour of Europe, being everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm. In that tour he laid the foundations of the reputation which has now become world-wide. In August, 1882, he was appointed conductor of the R. A. M. in Berlin, and in 1889, on the fiftieth anniversary of his first public appearance, he was presented with a magnificent violin by his admirers.

Expenses of an Army Officer.

An English army officer who has a close acquaintance with both the French and German armies has been endeavoring to arrive at the average amount per annum which it costs a subaltern in England, France and Germany to live in the army. The figures he gives are: France, $400; Germany, $700; England, $1,200.

Demand for Ventilators

The demand for electric ventilators in India is ahead of the supply.